

See 11 entries in subject column.

Shooting for Life.

[The following fragment of a thrilling narrative is taken from the *American Courier*. To understand the point it is necessary to premise that Julius Ober, a half-Canadian, who resided upon a desolate vegetation. It is this gentleman himself who narrates how he sought for the accomplishment of his aim.]

Night after night I lay concealed on the border of the river Seagoe, awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols, and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a school-boy, and facility in the art was of the first importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night; the white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a Canadian moon, which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within fifty yards; but I would not risk the chance; and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding-place, than with a shout of exultation I started on his track. Ober sawered a moment to see who his pursuer was; then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this; and with a cocked pistol in either hand, I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned Seagoe. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with a savage glee that I was a match for even the most swift-footed Indian. Ober became aware of this, too, for now and again he would skate close to the banks, looking in vain for an escape. But now there was but one outlet from this walled-in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Ober's thoughts might be. Did he know whether he was hastening? or had that awful light yet to dash on his guilty mind? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively, and throw his arms in the air; but he dared not stop, and on he dashed again with a yell of despair, which echoed weird-like up the channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Ober; it was the dull thunder of the falls. We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me, and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Van hope! the wing of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Horrer and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I hardly trust it may be forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Ober's track, we maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly, Ober turned and stood at bay. He was not armed; I felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without saluting my pace, I skated down upon him, holding a pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him, the coward faltered, and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Despairing was the roar of the cataract. High into the pale sky ascended the mist of the spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow-tinted beauty. I caught the jagged line of the ice, where it was broken by the rapids, immediately above the cataract; and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Seagoe, as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half-breed turned his face toward me as I pressed with concentrated force on his foot.

Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the splendor of the falls drowned his curses. I knew that he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years. With the courage that is begotten

of darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood, which had seceded in its restless hands the shudder of blood, and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies; but the illusion, if it were one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol-shot, and as I turned up the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.

A NEW MEXICAN FRONTIER FIRE—*Asiatic Scene—Two Men Perished to Death.* A fire just arrived from Santa Fe states that four Mexican frontiersmen were driving a herd of cattle through the mountains north of that place, a short time since, when the following incident occurred, which I gave as I received it:

The mountains were on fire at the time, but thinking the way clear before them, they proceeded up a valley until they found their way barred by an impenetrable wall of fire; in alarm they hastily retreated their steps in the vain hope that escape might still be possible. But alas! they were too late, fire had closed the avenue by which they had entered the valley, and a broad belt of flame encircled them on every side, the area of which was rapidly diminishing every moment. The long drought had rendered the rubbish and undergrowth below as dry as tinder, and the flames leaped up with fearful rapidity; and springing upward, caught the pine trees above, gloomy with resin, and then leaping from tree to tree, spread a billow of fire awful to behold. The affrighted herd, following with fear, dashed through the flames, the most of them scorching badly burned, but some perished. Two of the frontiersmen attempted to follow them, but who can breathe in such an atmosphere, walk on burning coals, enveloped in flame, and live?

A few steps only were taken, when their nerves became contracted with the intense heat—their limbs refused to perform their office, and they sunk shrieking on a bed of fire, never more to rise. Their comrades heard the dying groans of their companions, and the wild howling of the herd as they dashed through the sea of fire, and the roaring and the cracking of the flames as they came surging onward, and maddened by despair they dashed wildly from side to side, eagerly seeking that which they dared not hope to find, and already suffering, in anticipation, the agonies of a death too fearful to think of, when a huge rock barred their way, and they saw with a thrill of joy that a small spring of water gushed out at its foot. Hope revived within them at the sight, and with an energy such an emergency only could inspire, they improved the few remaining moments ere the flames should reach them in preparing to resist them. Everything combustible was removed, until the increasing heat forced them to desist, then inserting some dry branches in the crevices of the rock above the spring, they saturated their blankets with water and spread them out upon them, and eating themselves under their shelter, continued to apply the water as fast as the scanty supply permitted.

Asches, coals and burning branches fell thickly around them, and their hopes fluctuated rapidly between hope and despair, as their chances of escape lessened or increased. Moments seemed lengthened into hours, and doubtless more than the agonies of death were passed by these poor herdsmen, ere hope ripened into certainty, and they knew they were indeed saved as "braves from the burning."—*St. Louis Democrat.*

The Rochester, N. Y., Union mentions a case of snake charming. A little girl had become so fond of a brown wood snake, and the snake so fond of her, that when they met in the yard they rushed to each other with all the apparent emotions of friendship and attachment that can exist between two living beings. The little girl is growing thin on it, and the snake fat. The parents feel much alarmed, and desire to remove their little girl from the fascinating influence of the snake without prejudice to her health and her existence. They have been told that it is dangerous to take any sudden step in the matter, and have not yet done anything to avert the consequences they fear.

A man with a rag-bag in his hand was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone, which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that we asked the quaint-looking fellow how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice. "I expect some wife or two or female was waked hereabouts."

Save Us Something. It unfortunately happens that no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, as nothing is so uncertain as our neighbors. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and his reaching the uncertain age of forty-five; and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family. The determination to lay by, and the effort to be the most diligent. Let it always be remembered that in putting by a sum for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquility, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of its death.

PROSPERITY OF CUBA. Cuba is advancing in population and all other sources of wealth. It is calculated that the present population of the island is 1,165,000, of which nearly 500,000 are white inhabitants, 180,000 are colored, 400,000 slaves, and 80,000 Asiatics and Indians. The sugar estates are immensely productive. Twenty-three of the principal plantations, comprising about 100,000 acres of land and 10,175 slaves, are valued at nearly \$15,000,000. The *Cuban Messenger* says:

The total amount (last year's) crop of sugar from these 23 estates, was 240,000 boxes, we calculated at the price of last year, can be estimated at \$40 each box would make the value of that aggregate crops \$17,600,000 or over a 50 per cent. more than the estimated value of property. The excessive manufacturing, keeping the lands, fuel, &c., must be deducted from that sum to see the real profits, which according to many planters rarely net ten per cent.

We merely give these figures for the gratification of some parties interested in the sugar business; and as there are over sixteen hundred sugar plantations in the island, it will be easily understood that the value of our principal staple must be great indeed, when the total export of the single article (sugar) from the ports of Havana and Matanzas alone have exceeded during the years of 1875 and 1876, over 1,200,000 boxes. When we can show the total production of the island, it will be seen that the value of the sugar crop production alone has been over \$30,000,000 per annum for several years.

A SANE IDEA. Several gentlemen were riding in a car on one of the Boston roads early in the summer of 1882, when the conversation turned on the next Presidential election, and the merits and prospects of Webster, Fillmore, Cass and others were discussed at length. After some time a silent individual who had listened in silence addressed the party thus:—"My friends, you are all wrong—Before the election of 1882, the world will have come to an end, and Jesus Christ will be President of the Universe!"

Up started an enthusiastic gentleman from the Granite State who stoutly said to Millerite; "Savior! tell me how you would like to see New Hampshire wren-went go for him!" A roar of laughter greeted the exit of the Second Adventist, as he removed to another car.

MEADOW HAY. This should be cut early. This doctrine, we are fully aware, contrary to both the theory and practice of the generality of the farmers; yet experience demonstrates its correctness. The low ground grasses, most of them, require to be cut as early as the English seral grasses, to make good hay. They are indigenous, and some of them, when cut in a green and succulent state, and properly cured, possess high value as a food for stock. In the interior, the counter-currents are generally cut late and cured with salt. About one peck to the ton, is the right quantity. In curing hay with this material, no more we think, should be used than the animal would naturally consume during the time they would require to consume the hay, were the hay and salt fed to them separately. Some put their hay in quite green, and allow half a bushel or three pecks to every load; but this is, to say the least, injudicious, and a decided injury to the hay.

Meadow hay, cut early, and carefully cured, makes a most excellent and salutary winter feed for sheep.—*Ex.*

One of the miseries of human life is being a compositor on a newspaper, and having to insert the marriage of the girl you love with a man old enough to be your father—he is rich and you are poor.

THE CIVIL WAR ON MOUNT LEBANON.

The Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have issued a pamphlet to be used at the monthly concerts, giving definite and interesting information in relation to the people among whom the terrible scenes of massacre in the East are being enacted. We copy from the pamphlet the following paragraph:

More than a hundred villages are reported to have been destroyed. In many cases men, women and children were massacred, to the number, it may be, of many thousands; but often, while the men were put to death, the women and children were allowed to escape. These wretched survivors have no homes, and very many no one to look after them. As the harvests were to a great extent destroyed, there must of course be famine. We must be prepared for urgent appeals to our benevolence; but happily in a year of the most extraordinary abundance in our own country. Along with the bread of life for perishing souls, we must provide material aid for the naked, housed and starving; and thus providing for our brother who has need, show that the love of God dwells in us.

The history of the past does not permit us a moment to apprehend that these most calamitous events will really be of service, in their ultimate results, than conducive to the furtherance of the cause of Christ in these regions. It is probably the divine method of breaking down the false institutions of Lebanon, which have been so great a barrier to the progress of the truth. After what has now passed, the Druses can hardly be allowed again to govern Lebanon.

Christian Europe will require that there be a government which will protect the Christian sects and prevent such desolating wars. Yet it cannot be denied that a crisis exists of the utmost importance.

MEANS EVERY DAY HAPPY.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a little of good to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—tried, in thousands, but as yet, all do it at best for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will be when you are old; and if you are old, and aspired it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity.

By the most simple arithmetic, look at the result, you and one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, two hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years, only, at your common rate that course of meditation, you have made 11,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time.

Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Sidney Smith.*

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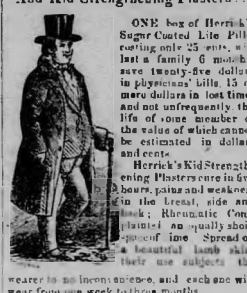
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